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Once her cold fingers touch her pussy, this primitive slut knows how to warm up...

KIARA DIANE

















"Mmm...no wonder my pussy is so cold, my fingers just can't seem to warm up," Kiara whimpers, touching her erect nubbins through her thick, wool vest.

Moving her frigid fingers down her belly and to her cold mound she whispers, "Maybe if I think of something hot, then I'll be able to warm up?"

When she daydreams of having a hard cock ram into her pussy, she notices a strand of sweat beads forming between her thighs. Yet, once she moves to her knees, she spreads her scorching pink lips with her sweaty digits wondering if a dirty DP will send her temperature flaring.

"That's it! I need two horny hunks to drill my hot cunt and tight ass-fuck, I want both my holes to grip their thick pricks!"
After drenching her warm sauce on the furry blanket she mumbles, "I guess it's true what they say: Cold fingers, warm twat."





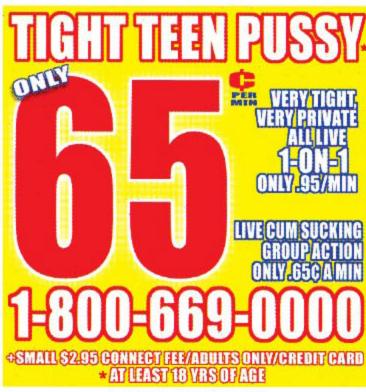






























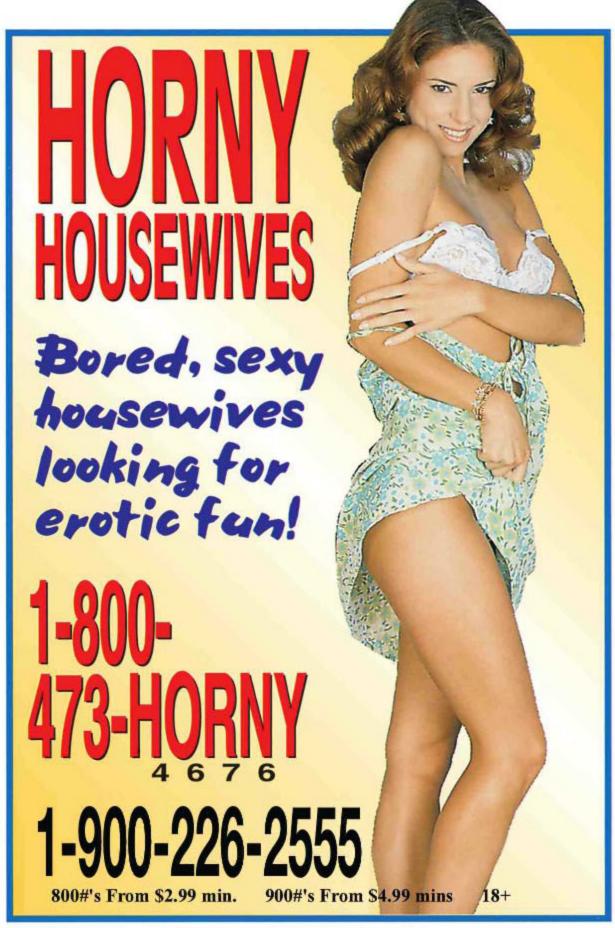














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18

The Mail Slot



After a while, my girlfriends and I were getting fed up with our men and their monthly poker nights, so we decided that we'd have our own ladies noter night to

we'd have our own ladies poker night to get back at them for not spending much time with us.

Even though our plan was sheer revenge, the three of us realized that we were having a great time without them. Monthly poker nights turned into weekly, and the moment we stopped going to each other's houses, and into a motel for more privacy—it wasn't long before we were playing our own slots.

It all started when Janice mentioned how she just broke up with her boyfriend of six months because he wasn't, "spontaneous enough." The woman is walking sex, and when she said that he hated public sex, we were glad she dumped him.

"He couldn't handle your needs," Megan said, piling the chips together. "All you were asking for is a little play," she said, spreading her taut thighs apart, revealing her shaven pink.

Even though the sexual tension was building over time, we were still surprised at Megan's forwardness, but the second she put the red chip against her burgeoning clit, the thrums of all three of our clits spoke volumes.

I looked over at Janice who winked at me and fell to her knees. Taking the round chip in her mouth, she traced our friend's swollen, pink labia with the glossy chip before letting it drop to the floor and use her tongue instead. As I watched her tongue flap against the fleshy nub, I unbuttoned my jeans and lied down on the creaking bed. I, at first, didn't want to thrust two fingers in my hole that instant, so I massaged my hood until my girl goo started streaming down my legs. Once I arched my back with my fingers knuckledeep in my tunnel-I heard Megan wail while Janice's face was covered in her sweet cream.

Just as the girls faced the bed, Janice unzipped and kissed my lips passionately. I relished in Megan's faint musk, and when she was standing over me on the bed—her pulsating snatch above me—I gently pulled her calves down until she was sitting on my face. With my hands holding onto my girl's legs, I felt that my pussy wasn't lone-

some for long, because Megan took one of the unused cigars that we smoke at the end of the night, and used it as a makeshift dildo.

While I was filled up with the thick prop, I started to shake, which made my entire mouth grasp onto Janice's churning kitty. Yet, it wasn't until my finger tapped onto her pink pucker that she surged her lust liquid down my throat at the same time my nectar wrinkled the capa on the cigar.

Finally, when we were all spent, and relaxing on the bed, Megan lit up the shiny stogie and mumbled, "Well, ladies, same time next week?"

Sapphic Slot Players— California

Wanton Window Seat

I work in a high-rise building where from my enormous window; the people look like ants walking around in a big city. As my dirty mind unravels in my rather dull line of work as an accountant, I often wonder how many people on the ground are getting rammed, and if it's any good.

I would describe myself as a vixen in bed that likes it every which way, with virtually anyone.

I'd like to think of myself as sexually adventurous, but with my new promotion, work has been paramount, and my sex life was taking the backseat. I've been so busy, that I'd rather veg on my couch than frig my own clittle.

One day, however, my mind was wrapped around crunching numbers and accounts that I barely realized my windows were getting washed. It wasn't until I heard a loud bang that I turned around and saw a hunky, young window washer holding his arm like it was injured.

I jumped from being startled, and I noticed my legs were spread open. Being that it was summer, I was sans stockings, with only my white panties in full view. It was nice to see a real person practically in my office and not in the street, yet, I also I felt bad if he hurt himself as he looked freaked out himself. Since there is no way to open the window, I mouthed if he was okay. He nodded "Yes," and started wash



the window again. Then, I noticed his bulging biceps glistening with sweat from the sun, that I realized my own cunt was seeping with elixir. Still making eye contact, I got up from the chair and sat on my desk with my legs spread. When I pulled my skirt up higher, I removed my panties, putting my bald twat practically in his face. I sighed as quietly as I could when I parted my billowy lips, and right as I looked, my sole audience had his rock-hard cock out—stroking it to the rhythm of my finger play.

Immediately, I was frustrated because his thick rod was a master-piece—long, defined, and pulsating. My mouth watered as I imagined my lips wrapping around it—filling my mouth up with his man-meat.

Imagining soaking his sword with my saliva made my fingers work overtime, and while I was white knuckled against my desk, I drenched the papers that were sticking to my ass with my cooze cream.

I could tell he was about to burst as his pre-cum was dripping from his cap, but it wasn't until I lifted up my legs and thrust two fingers in my spent snatch, did he whitewash the mirrored window—splashing his pearly jizz all over the glass.

He was about to wash it, but I yelled through the glass to leave it, which he did. Now, even though it looks like a cloudy stain, it keeps my focused on the real kinky me when I'm hard at work!

Power Wash Pussy Play—Chicago

Backdoor Lesson

As whorish as I'd like to think I am, the one thing I've steered clear from is anal. I'm not shy about sex, but with countless bed partners, I've only had a finger stuffed back there. I wanted to discover ass play once and for all, so I went to my local sex shop for research.

Walking past the walls of dildos and blowup dolls, I headed straight for the anal section—shooing away the sales clerk.

He left me alone, but when I hadn't moved in ten minutes, he thought I was up to no good and asked me again.

"Ma'am, I know what you're looking for," he said, picking up a small butt plug



ing my own fat nubbin. I loved sucking on his prick so much that I was actually pissed when he pulled me up, turned me around, and spread my legs against the glass counter in doggie.

He traced my shiny cleft with his burgeoning cap, and my cunt was so scorching that I was begging him to slide right in. He barely put his tip in, but when I felt his finger slip all the way inside, I pushed against it.

"Now, see how relaxed you are?"

I felt him sop up all my juices with his head, with my face up against the glass filled with luxury dildos; I felt a tight, pressure fill my back hole. I was so proud of myself, and I could-



and handing it to me.

I examined the cylinder plastic piece, and as the college aged sales clerk got closer to me, I felt my body become soft, with both holes beginning to pulsate.

He pretended to grab something behind me, but he gently put his hands on my plump rump. "The key is to relax," he said, pressing further on my cheeks.

I pulled myself closer to him, feeling his tenting cock pulse against my crotch, and when I unzipped his jeans, I released his massive mast, stroking the piece with my palm.

As his tongue snaked down my throat, the pre-cum that oozed from his helmet surged even more, and all I could think about was his cock in my mouth. Deep throating his log, I made sure to play with his balls while finger-

n't believe how amazing he felt, so I moaned for more of his cock, as he gently pushed all the way in, while his balls tapped against my asscheeks.

Going slowly at first, he was gentle, but when I moved back and forth, he knew to go faster, as he rammed my asshole until I felt his cock twitch in my pink pucker.

I was aching to have him fill me up, so I grabbed onto his thighs until he painted his boy batter in my backdoor—officially popping my ass cherry.

He gave me the butt plug for free, and although I haven't been back at the store since, let's just say, my ass has been making its rounds since!

Begging For More Backdoor— Wisconsin



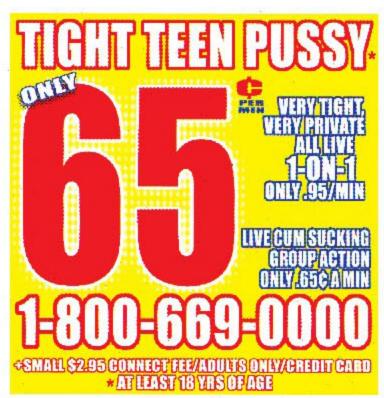










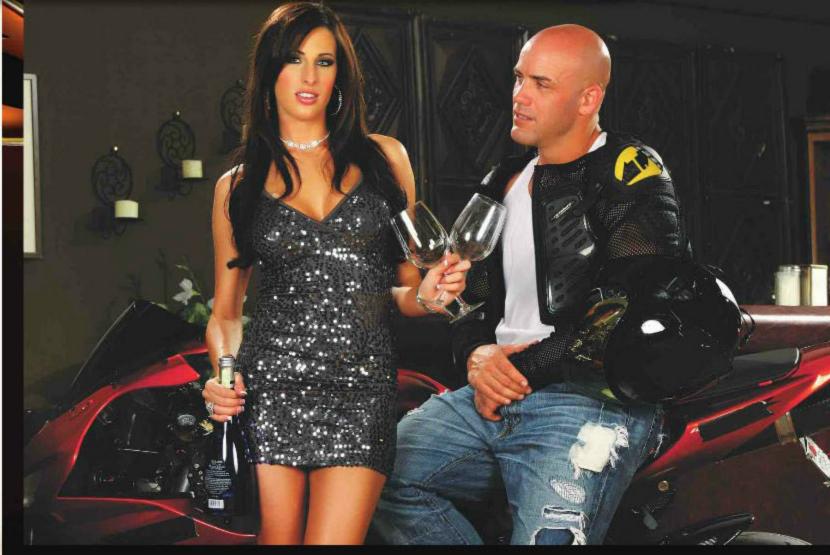












Since their advent many years ago, women have inexplicably been drawn to men on motorcycles. Perhaps it's the powerful engine between their legs, and the sexy exuberance of open-air freedom that feeds into the whole 'bad boy' image that leaves most women salivating? Perpetuated by the Hollywood screen gods of late, including such stars as: Marlon Brando, James Dean, and Peter Fonda in Easy Rider—it goes without question, that the roaring sound of pipes, and the mysterious stranger underneath the dark helmet—is enough of a visual to make heads turn and panties drop.

Third Degree Films, on the other hand, capitalize on

ladies fascination with men on motor bikes in *Sleazy Riders*—as director, Miles Long, has formulated five sinful vignettes—each designed to satiate a kinky fantasy about the zoom zoom and the boom boom of riding dangerous curves in his slick, new release. With his impeccable attention to detail in tact, and his uncanny ability of capturing hardcore passion with his lens—Long goes this distance with this tasty little number, and urges the viewer to jump on back for the ride of your life. So, what are you waiting for? It's time to roll!

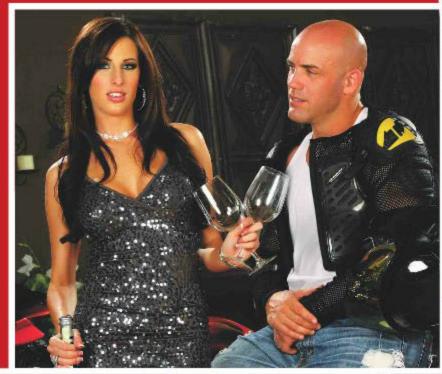
Lee Stone begins the race by riding his custom chopper to the mechanic's shop he works at with Brooklyn Lee. Turned on by the shining blue paint and fat tires—Brooklyn begins pawing at the rounded fenders of the bike, as if she were running her hands down a sculpted chest.

"I've never been on a bike before," she reveals, running her fingernail across her bubbly lips, enticing Lee with her overtly friendly manner.

"Want to put something exciting between your legs?" Stone insinuates, picking her up from her small waist and placing her down on the leather seat. Showing her the proper way to grip the handlebars and straddle the tank—Brooklyn starts to breathe a little heavier and loosen up.

Lost in the thought of having so much heavy metal between her legs, Brooklyn grabs Lee's face and begins passionately kissing him.

"Wanna take me for a ride?" She teases, resting her back against the curve of the bike and opening her legs in his direction. Slowly peeling her denim shorts down her shapely legs, Stone opens her up at the knees and begins devouring her savory dish with an outstretched tongue. Swirling her pelvis around his chin, te bawdy

























brunette works her hips against his flesh flap until her sexy grease glides along the edges of the metallic tank like wet paint.

"Baby, what else do you have for me?" She continues, freeing his cobra cock from his pants to continue their session of adult playtime. Still perfectly spread out, she spits a wad of saliva across Lee's cock, and urges him to go hard and deep. Nailing her good in missionary position—Brooklyn's pussy instantly pops with reddened edges and silky cream that ensures that Stone experiences a slippery ride from start to finish. Another noteworthy tactic is Brooklyn's naturally red bush that wiggles and curls as Lee continues his full frontal assault. Whatta girl!

Next, after closing her swanky bar—Kortney Kane busies herself by wiping down the sticky counters, fluffing the couch pillows, and refilling liquor bottles in the follow-up encounter.

Ready to call it a night, she is unexpectedly startled when Derrick Pierce rides his red racing bike into her place of business. With her hands up in the air in defeat, Derrick removes his

helmet and purrs, "There wasn't any parking outside."

Although still angry, Kane more turned on by the handsome patron that is clad from head to toe in racing leathers.

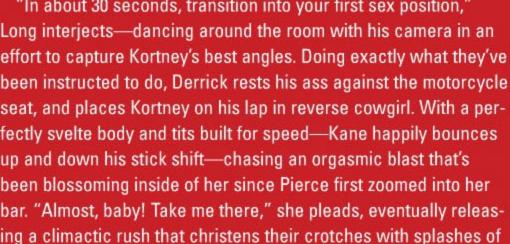
"I highly doubt that, since we're closed," she smiles, gliding over to touch the low profile handlebars, unzipping his jacket. Continuing with their intense foreplay session, Pierce continues, "I guess I was just trying to get your attention a little more loudly than normal."

Rushing over to slide her pretty pink tongue down his throat, it appears that his unconventional plan has worked like a charm.

Falling to her knees, Kortney expertly balances on the stems of her high heels—ingesting his cock in steady gulps that leave her slender lips dripping. Growing in her mouth, Derrick bucks his hips into her face and swishes his nuts underneath her chin for good measure.

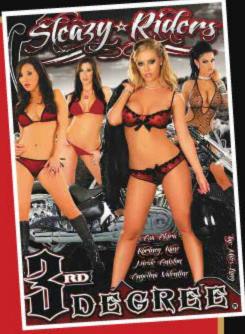
"Look at me with those pretty green eyes while you suck my cock," Derrick hisses, rounding his cock around her cheek like a jawbreaker. Strumming his shaft like a harp, Kane is clearly ready to play hardball.

"In about 30 seconds, transition into your first sex position," Long interjects—dancing around the room with his camera in an effort to capture Kortney's best angles. Doing exactly what they've been instructed to do, Derrick rests his ass against the motorcycle seat, and places Kortney on his lap in reverse cowgirl. With a perfectly svelte body and tits built for speed—Kane happily bounces up and down his stick shift—chasing an orgasmic blast that's been blossoming inside of her since Pierce first zoomed into her bar. "Almost, baby! Take me there," she pleads, eventually releasing a climactic rush that christens their crotches with splashes of



her succulent nectar. It's hot!

After thorough light changes, set redecorations, and costume adjustments—Asian cutie, Asa Akira, is ready to be ridden hard in the next scene. Contrary to the other scenarios, Akira rides in on her motorcycle in an effort to seduce John Strong to penetrate her balls-deep. Riding into a dark alley, Asa revs her pipes and glides down into a perfect doggie formation over the tank, as her ass blossoms out behind her.



"Do you like hot girls on bikes?" She questions, licking her lips and the handlebars when addressing Mr. Strong. Shaking his head, "Yes," Akira jumps off the bike and begins slowly unzipping her black and white checkered racing suit.













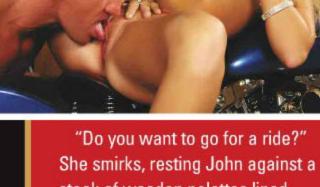






"Are you ready for more?" She continues growling, eager for the opportunity to step up her game.

Switching positions, Asa tucks her black boots behind her ears and watches John drive his tongue in and out of her spicy wanton. Lapping her up from the inside out, Strong treats Asa's pussy like a melting pudding pop. "I've never tasted better," he smirks,



She smirks, resting John against a stack of wooden palettes lined with a blue moving blanket. Again, he shakes his head.

Removing his pants, Asa rests between his legs and begins

siphoning his cock down her neck as if she's slurping up a plate of chow mein noodles.

"Tasty," she smiles, coming up to reveal red lipstick stains that have been sexily smeared across her Asian pout.

wiping her natural drippings off his chin with the back of his hand. Still sprawled out, Strong eventually replaces his tongue with his cock in missionary position—tearing into her tiny hole like a jackhammer through hard pavement. After more heated posi-







tions, and intense multiple orgasms on her part—John pumps her face full of his homemade petroleum—sealing their deal in true porno style.

Meanwhile, back at







her mechanic's shop—Nicole Aniston is administering the final touches to Erik Everhard's prized bike. Coming by to inspect her work and pick up his ride, Everhard seems more enthralled by the sexy blonde bombshell than his matte black racer.

"What happens if I break down again?" Erik Everhard flirts, running his hands along the curve of her calves as she straddles his bike. "You can call me anytime!" She grins, resting her chest against the cool metal tank. With her butt rounded out behind her, Everhard licks the small of her back, urging her to turn around. Shimmying her out of her denim cut-offs—Erik busies himself between her legs, lapping up every inch of her blonde, well-manicured muff.

"Do you like the way my tongue feels?" He asks, attacking her clit with a more directed force that causes her to pop the contents of her juicy box across the leather seat.

"I'll take that as a 'yes!'" He smirks, going in to offer her another orgasmic blast before he continues pleasing her with his cock.

muscles in her legs protruding—
Everhard annihilates her with his signature rough style that evidently takes her by surprise. Perhaps never having been ridden by one of porn's roughest riders—the shocked look on Nicole's face says it all. Never one to give anything away free, Erik encourages
Aniston to push her pussy to its limits before receiving the fruits of his labor—a smear of splooge across her pearly whites!



Showing her predecessor how it's done, Angelina Valentine closes out the movie with a powerhouse performance that brings the house down. Engulfing Mark Wood's genitals with her award-winning mouth—Valentine easily takes him down to the

balls—actually popping his nuts into her mouth while she's down in prime cock sucking position.

"You like my dirty fucking mouth?" She hisses, commanding complete control from beginning to end.

Working her hot hole in several positions—Mark rides Angelina's pussy out in more laps than a Supercross

Motorcycle Race!
Concluding with a cum
swallowing finale—
Valentine's scene is the
standout encounter of
the illustrious lineup—
proving, once again, that
Angelina Valentine is a
cut above the rest.
Ending here on an exceptionally high note, Miles
Long escorts me off set











Before allowing him full vaginal access—Aniston lowers down and services the head of his cock, although, disappointingly, never taking him too deep. However, still, she slurps on his cock just the same—keeping her baby blues fixed on him like guided missile throughout.

When finished with her amateurish oral attempts, Everhard hooks her right leg in his arm and impales her pussy in an incredibly hot standing doggie arrangement. With her tits in full view, and the sexy

and thanks me for spending a day with him and the girls. With such amazing hardcore, some of the hottest chicks in porn, and plenty of sexy bikes—*Sleazy Riders* definitely has what it takes to get your motor running!

For more information about *Sleazy Riders*, or other Third Degree Films productions, please visit: www.ThirdDegreeFilms.com

























When this nympho's pussy is thrumming, not one—but two cocks will only satisfy Cassy's craving cunt...

CASSY'S COCK CRAVING









With a tempting wink, Cassy makes sure that the two hot studs that have been staring at her all night follow her to the back room of the party. Slipping of her minidress, she feels the double bulges before bending down to give these horny hunks a sloppy blowbang.

Letting their cocks get thick in their mouth, when she tastes their salty pre-cum drizzle down her throat, she gets on the couch—filling her snatch with a hearty helping of man-meat, while her full pout is stuffed with a throatful of a swollen sword.

When her white spit is connecting from the billowy head to her candy apple lips—Cassy knows her pink pucker is ready for a ramming.

Once she lifts up her ass, letting her wrinkle wink in the horny hunk's direction, he inches in until he's balls-deep in her asscheeks—relishing in the feel of his heavy sac tap her butt.

In moments, she creams the cock in her pussy, while the drippings of her bawdy broth cover that balls that are tapping Cassy's rump. Going back to her knees, she strokes each rod until her beautiful face is slathered with a heaping mess of boy batter. Licking her carnal chops, Cassy whimpers, "Thanks to you, boys, I'm all stuffed from cock."













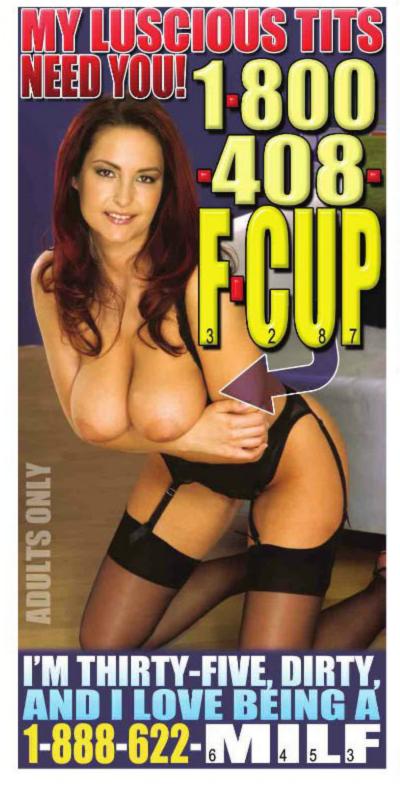






34 BEST OF CLUB







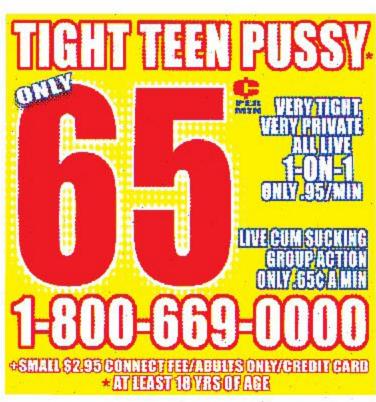




















ome girls like clothes, while others like shoes. Me? I like neither, but I absolutely love cars. In fact, I've been working on cars since I was 18, and I can't tell you how the garage I work at has boomed since I started there three weeks ago.

I'm not going to lie; I know I'm a hot piece of ass, so I'm aware that if I wear short, denim shorts with the white fringe silhouetting against my tanned thighs,—more customers will stick around and get their service by us, rather than an overweight grease monkey who will nickel and dime (not to mention cheat) their way for a buck. Usually, when people go to those guys, they end up coming back to me to get their cars fixed yet again.

I've noticed that our clientele is mainly men, and instead of leaving and coming back to get the cars when they're ready—they stick around. I have to say, though, I love the attention I get when the men try to pretend to chat me up about their cars,

out walked the sexiest man I'd seen in months! He was tall and built; with a brown buzz cut and green eyes.

"Hey, hon, I have a request for you." He said, his brash accent echoing through the garage.

"Excuse me, but don't talk to me that way," I said, slightly turned on at his mild aggressiveness, but I didn't want him to know it.

Rolling his eyes, he moaned, "Yeah, well, take a look inside, there, will ya?"

I peeked my head in and noticed that all the seats were gone, except for the two in the back, near the trunk.

"So, your seats are gone? Maybe you got service here before I got here, but I don't understand what you want me to."

He laughed, which made his hard look a bit softer, and when he pulled out a leather swing; he said, "Can you put this in the back? Ya know, where the seats were?"

START YOUR ENGINES

meanwhile, I can practically hear their cocks getting hard in their pants while my plump ass is in the air, and my round tits are in the hood of their car. I always make sure that a little grease hits my cleavage to give the men some more material to jerk off to when they're in the shop's bathroom.

My favorite move is when I have to prop myself on the hood of the car to get a better view of the insides, and my shorts ride up so much that the lips of my snatch almost peek out. It gets me turned on just thinking about how rock-hard they get, that in turn, a wet spot usually forms in the crotch area.

I really thought I knew everything there was to know about cars, until I was challenged a few weeks ago.

It was a rather slow day, so I decided to work on my own vehicle since I had no customers booked until later that evening. All of a sudden, a huge, white Escalade pulled up, and

By Irv O. Neil

Just the image of his biceps busting through his black sleeves as he was telling me what he wanted serviced, was making my pussy soak. He told me he'd gone to other places to get it done, but they felt uncomfortable because of the nature of the project. "I think I've come to

the right place," he giggled, his eyes gazing down at my sweaty tits.

I got some tools, and crawled in the car. The whole project took a total of 20 minutes, but I made sure to stay bent when I didn't even need to, and keep my legs lifted longer than usual. Finally, when I was done with the whole project, I wanted to try it out, so without his permission, I sank myself on it, and swung back and forth. By the looks of my body swinging in his car, he came over and peeked inside.



"Thanks, baby. I have to say, you look pretty hot on that thing. I'm dying to check it out."

With that, I grinned and pulled off my shirt, letting my nipples hit the warm air in the SUV. He knelt down and put one nipple in his mouth—gulping the mound of flesh as if it was a tender steak. I kept moving back and forth, but kept my rhythm steady by wrapping my legs around his chest.

When his lips suckled the other nubbin, I
grabbed onto his neck
and ground my crotch
in to his shoulders. I
knew he could feel my
wetness seep through
his shirt, and when he
was about to close the
door, I kicked it
open—making sure
than anyone passing
would hear the hot
commotion from
inside the garage.

From my nipples, his mouth moved south, until he reached my belly. He continuously nibbled at it, peppering it with kisses—and when I moaned for him to pull down my shorts, I was already seconds away from creaming the entire new device, instead of surging down his throat. I tried to hold to the best I could, and when I began to shake, he finally got

shake, he finally got the hint, and flung off the flimsy piece.

The swing made it easier to hold onto his shoulders while he licked my thighs clean of its girl goo, and when the tip of his tongue nibbled at my hood, I screamed for him to: "Suck my clit!" He was being stubborn, which I admit, was turning me on like no other, but when his teeth grazed my lips, I couldn't take it anymore and pulled his head deeper into my bald, pinky pussy. He kept separating my lips, to get a better taste of my swollen pebble, but when finally suckled on the tender piece, I kept his head in place—releasing my honey nectar down his throat.







After I relaxed for a second, I moved in position with my hips now balancing on the swing, while I pulled out his cock from his designer jeans, shocked at how hard and long he was. Looking up at him, I licked my lips and encircled his plump, red cap with my wet tongue while I slowly swung back and forth. I made sure that my warm mouth put half of his staff down my





throat, and when I swung forward, I was able to inhale his entire rod—feeling like a porn star as his balls tapped against my chin.

I gurgled and gagged a little as his heft was almost too much to take, but when my saliva hit the tiny carpet in the Escalade, I got off the swing and repositioned myself. This time, I balanced my knees and bent over in doggie, reminding me of my signature move when I check the hoods of cars. I giggled at the image, thinking, "This fantasy is sure coming to life for this lucky customer."

I didn't want to fuck him just yet, but I pushed myself back on the swing, thinking of how incredibly hot the entire scene is while he stood there with a raging hard-on.

Since I'm a bona fide tease, I kept swinging back and forth, with my perfect, curvy ass still high in the air. I heard him stroking his rod while the slight breeze puckered my pink a little bit.

The one thing that I wanted him to see was my pulsating pebble, which I could feel was dripping wet again. Looking out the window, I wished for one of my regulars to walk by and see my high tits swing in this luxury car. I could only imagine what they would be thinking, but I'm sure the universal thought would be,

"Whomever is in that car with her is one lucky bastard." Pushing my hands on the only seat kept up my speed, but what felt like minutes turned out to be a few seconds, and right then, I came to a halt—my tits jiggling at the sudden stop.

"Stay there! I want to fuck that teasing little pussy of yours," he moaned in the same brash





bit, his head pushed in my velvety walls, filling the car with my pleasure cries.

"Oh, baby, that's only the beginning. You need to taste all of it, "he said, grabbing my hips and pushing all the way in to the hilt. I knew I was safe in his arms as he pounded my tiny pussy with delicious intensity, and when his colossal cock continued to stretch and fill me up, I let go of the beige seats and spurred my screaming clit some more, while my fingers jack hammered on the fleshy pad.

I kept humping both my seat and his cock while he played with my tits, gently pulling at my hard nipples.

His breathy moans filled my ears while he stuttered, "You like fucking like that, don't you, you dirty slut? Looks like you met your challenge here, sweetheart. You love being a nasty little tease, huh, baby?"

All I could scream was, "Yes!
Fuck! Yes! Give it to me, baby!
You're fucking me so hard and good
with that fat cock! Make my pink
pussy cum now!"

He kept pounding on me, while his dirty talk was getting me even more wet, and when I kept my hot hand on my scorching mound, I erupted for the second time—glossing his stiff staff with my cooze cream.

accent. At first, I stood up straight, feeling his shaft move up and down the crack of my ass, but when I bent over and winked at him-my shiny pussy that was glossing with my crystal cream, was aligned with his pulsating cock.

"Come on, bad boy, see it wink for you? My purring kitty is aching for your hard cock." I whimpered, humping the leather seat. With that, he pulled me back and traced my left as if he was going to mount it on his wall, and when I swung back a







his joy juice fill my billowy box, feeling like a genuine slut as his white paste spilled from my cooch.

"Well, I'm glad I could help be of service to you, I said, licking up the mixture of our lust liquid from my stillpurring kitty. "Maybe you should get more things installed here?"



He had nowhere to go as my pussy walls were grabbing his cock like a vise grip, but when he slowed his pace, and his sword twitched inside me, I knew he was close. I swung over to the seats again, putting my hands for leverage. My pussy never left his rod, and when I bounced my butt slightly, I felt



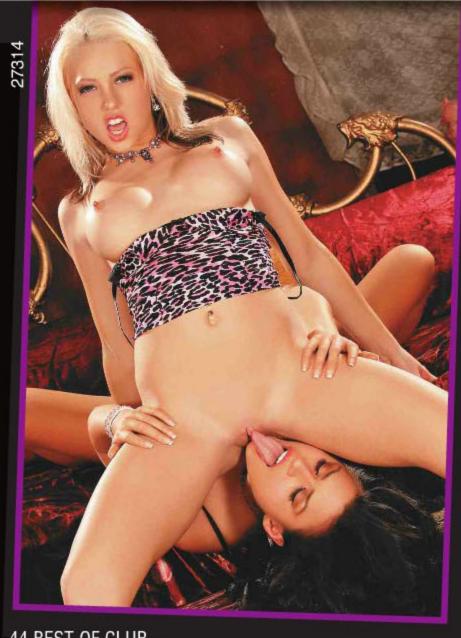


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When these conservative coworkers dress like the sluts they really are, their inner whore works overtime...

COWORKER COOZE HOUNDS





















or over 35 years, the Ponderosa Sun Club has been hosting the "Nudes-a-Poppin" contest at their 250 acre nudist camp in corn country—south of Gary, Indiana. Regardless of the temperature, it is always a hot time with seven to eight hours worth of hundreds of smokin' hot, naked girls parading around the field. Mother Nature's sense of humor was intact at this year's event, when the mercury rose to the mid 90's and the heat index was over 100 degrees. However, the show has never been canceled, and the only interruption of an event has been rainsqualls and lightening. Let's be honest: No one wants to be dancing on a wet stage with two ten-foot tall brass poles anchored to it.

For the last four years, the Saturday events have included female nude oil wrestling which is always a crowd pleaser. Before the oil wrestling got underway, sex toy company, The Screaming O, sponsored two contests for the girl contestants to take part in—a fake orgasm and blowjob contest. First up was the fake orgasm contest, where a male audience member was picked. As funny as he was, he wasn't the winner. Five or six girls agreed to participate in the blowjob one, and so did the boyfriend of one of the girls. Penis shaped candy suckers were distributed to all the contestants, and one-by-one, they sucked the sweet out of the lollipops. Some efforts were mediocre, while a couple of them were outrageous. The boyfriend did an over-



For many years, the Ponderosa hosted two contests—one in July and one in August. Now, there is just one contest in July, but it has become a two-day event. Saturday has become a fan fair day with the girls and adult vendors setting up booths and tables—allowing the fans to meet the girls one-on-one, and to purchase adult toys, clothing, DVD videos, etc. In addition to the Fan Fair, there is a pole dancing contest, informal photo shots with the professional photographers, and ample time for the audience to take photos and shoot video of the girls.

the-top performance, including a brilliant rendition of a male rimjob, which garnered a lot of praise. Naturally, though, it was a female who won the contest at the end.

It was already hot at 9:30 a.m. when the first contestant took the stage for the "Miss Nude Rising Star" competition. For the next two and a half hours, a non-stop parade of dancers vied for the trophies and cash available for the want to be feature dancers. The shows ranged from average to impressive performances. Some of the better



shows were from contestant number eight—Sonya B—an exquisite pole performer; whose skillful work was simply mind-blowing. Superbusty, Isis Haze did a Burlesque show that was amazing to watch as she opened her bustier her 34F natural breasts and strutted her body all over the stage. Contestant number 29, however, wasn't a feature dancer, but with her Zoomba instruction background, she floored the crowd with eight minutes of non-stop high energy in a gold bikini; with a quick step change every 30 seconds or so, in order to keep her audience captivated. With the amount of cheers she was rewarded, it was almost a done deal that she won the contest, but sadly, she didn't even place—she needed a costume in order to win, and the gold bikini didn't cut it.

High Noon is the traditional start of Nudes-a-Poppin', and the perennial show host, Ron Jeremy, took the main stage and introduced the other celebrities, such as Charlie Sheen's ex-goddess and former adult star, Bree Olson, going back to her roots as the porn star hostess. Although Motley Crue singer, Vince Neil, would have been a well-educated guest host, he was substituted by rock drummer and sex maniac, Phil Varone, whose Vivid celebrity sex tape, *Phil Varone's Secret Sex Stash*, has been flying off the shelves.

For the next five and a half hours, the main stage was a beehive of activity with feature dancers, go-go girls, and couples showing off their moves, and in between all the acts, two of the sexy pole cleaning girls made sure the poles were, in fact, shiny. Sometimes they were in bikinis; sometimes they were topless, and if the crowd cheered loud enough—they got naked. Even stage maintenance is entertaining at Nudes-a-Poppin'!

The premier event at NAP is the shows done by the feature dancers. Many of the girls premier a new show at the event, or they perform their best and biggest show of the year, with one costume exceeding almost 2,000 dollars. Dakota Skye did a jungle show where she dressed up with a feathered headdress, bone breastplate, and later revealing her primitive nature when she flashed the audience the furriest muff that would make '70s porn directors happy. Clearly, it needed trimming, so Skye lied on her back with her butt propped up when suddenly, a black monkey puppet appeared between her legs. Using shaving cream and a razor, he shaved Dakota's pussy completely clean.

Koyotee J. performed another noteworthy performance, where the set-up process took several minutes for the roadies to place two verti-

cal supports that held a four-column stage truss in the horizontal position. A sex swing was suspended below the truss where Koyotee climbed, and the entire apparatus was raised about five feet above the stage. She proceeded to use the swing to assume a variety of positions, then climbed down, painted herself with body paint, and climbed back into the swing. She moved and hung in various positions—swinging back and forth. It's safe to say that Koyotee's performance was not only incredible to watch, but with the dangerous risk factors alone, it made the entire segment one of the best at the event.

Another beautiful performer, Adrina Diablo, arrived on stage as Batwoman in a metallic blue and yellow skin tight outfit that was blaz-















ing in the hot Indiana sun. Diablo is blessed with a fault-less body that she put it to good use while dancing naked in front of a cheering crowd.

Jaded Dawn was another dancer who brought a legendary performance in a cowgirl show—and every cowgirl needs a horse to ride. This time, a volunteer male became her ride of choice as Jaded

saddled him up for a ride around the stage. If milk does a body good, then Jaded Dawn was three gallons better, as she poured the white liquid all over her naked body. Yee haw!

By five o'clock, all the features had done their shows, the Go-Go girls had danced for the judges, and the beauty walk for the "Miss Nude Galaxy," "Miss Nude North America," and "Miss Nude Internet" hopefuls had posed for the judges, and there was only one thing left to do—pass out the trophies.

The first few minor trophy awards went off without a hitch. Then, it was time for "Miss Nude Galaxy," which takes the longest time since



there are ten trophies
given for these categories, which are
handed out from tenth
to first place. Cute and
petite, Trinity, is number one, and she
accepts the trophy that
is easily a foot taller
than her.
"Miss Nude

Entertainer of the Year" is easy; as only the top three get trophies, with Dakota Skye taking home the title for the fourth year in a row. The

old puppet in the crotch show comes through again!

Next up is "Miss Nude North America," and again, Ron starts with sixth place moving up the list to first place that belongs to Dakota Skye—making her a double winner for the day.

Yes, it was a hot time and a crazy time in Indiana, as the heat can make people do crazy things. Yet, in the 24 years that this event has taken place, this year posed the most insanity—and everyone loved every sexy minute of it.

For more information on Nudes-a-Poppin, visit their website www.nudes-a-poppin.com



After a cool dip in the pool, Sandy takes her hot fingers for a lap in her moist patch...

SANDY

























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Kristina Rose Birth Date: April 14

Birth Place: San Diego, California

Height: 5'1" Weight: 110 lbs.

Measurements: 34A-24-37

Movies: Kristina Rose is Slutwoman- Elegant Angel Superman XXX: A Porn Parody-Vivid/Axel Braun

Productions

Seinfeld 1 &2: A XXX Parody- New Sensations

Lex the Impaler 6- Jules Jordan Video D2: Deviance- SkinWorxxx/Adam & Eve



Interviewed By: Emma Edwards

What constitutes great sex?

When you have chemistry with another person, that connection constitutes great sex! It doesn't matter what you do, even if it's just a blowjob or full on anal sex, if you have some kind of connection and chemistry with that person, you are going to have great sex. It also doesn't matter if it's your first time with that person, or if you've been together for years. If you connect on a deeper level, the sex is going to be hot. If you don't have that initial chemistry, you're never going to reach a sexual level where you actually feel high from the encounter. That is my favorite thing. I love feeling high from sex.

Company of the second



Are you able to achieve that type of chemistry with both men and women?

Yes! I don't think I could ever have a relationship with a woman in that respect, though. I love and appreciate women, and there are certainly a few that send me over the edge. Alexis Texas—my best friend—is a perfect example. We have a bond like none other that I've ever experienced in my life. Our chemistry is so intense and honest. She's also the only woman that can make me squirt. I'd definitely call that chemistry, wouldn't you?

Describe the way an orgasm feels when it travels through your body.

Wow, this is a big question and one I wasn't expecting. How does one begin to describe the best feeling ever? I'll describe it as a pussy sneeze. I love the way it feels when you sneeze. Sneezing reminds me of an orgasm. It feels so good, you have no control

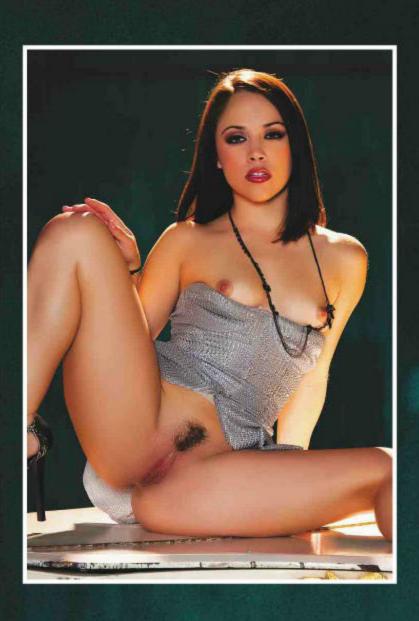
over it, and you















ing with watercolors and choose to paint portraits of odd celebrities like Macaulay Culkin and Phil Spector. I began painting when I was 18. It started out of boredom. I was tired of staying at home, watching television, and doing homework with my boyfriend—now ex-boyfriend—whom I was with for nearly seven years. His friend is the one that gave me some paints. My boyfriend was a successful artist who sold his work in art shows. He convinced me to start selling my art-work as well, so I did!

Why was your award-winning scene with Manuel Ferrara the 'Best sex of [your] life?' (2011 AVN Winner "Best Couples Sex Scene" for Kristina Rose Is Slutwoman)

Manuel is one of those people that I have amazing chemistry. Let me rephrase that— every girl has chemistry with Manuel Ferrara. It's impossible not to. I've only met one girl who didn't enjoy working with Manuel, and I have no idea what her problem was. He definitely knows how to treat a lady. Each time I work with him, our sex intensifies. That particular scene that you are speaking of was the first scene I shot for my movie, Kristina Rose is Slutwoman. We wanted to set the bar really high from the beginning, and knew that would be the strongest scene of the production. We were right! Although it was totally gonzo, we set up a little scenario in our mind beforehand. We pretended that this was going to be the last time we were ever going to fuck each other again in our lives. 'How would we feel about that? What would we want to do with one another?' With this prompt in our minds, we exploded! I'm not generally an ego stroker, but that scene was incomparable to any sex I have ever witnessed, or been involved in. I thought, 'If that scene doesn't win, I give up!' When I die, I hope that scene flashes through my mind as one of the best days of my life. Manuel is a legend.

Describe your sexual style.

Raw! A lot of girls are so concerned about how they smell or how they look when they are having sex that they never let themselves go and get lost in the moment. I'm not concerned about those types of things. A lot of girls get so wrapped up in hoping that their pussy doesn't smell that they lose the spontaneity of the moment. I'm more concerned about the way things are feeling. I adjust according to my partner. For example, when I'm with Steve Holmes, our sex is so playful. When I'm with Manuel Ferrara it feels like my long lost lover has returned home to ravage me after years of being apart. No matter what though, I always just go with it and let the sex naturally unfold.

Would you rather fill up on pussy or cock? I'd rather fill up on cock. A pussy simply can't reach up inside of me where I want to be touched. I love men. I've always been boy crazy. I love rough around the edges type of men. I





encounter though, because it happened off camera with Steve Holmes and James Deen, and only lasted for 30 seconds. It's a very unusual feeling. We tried it and I started laughing. It felt really good. You would think it would be painful since it's a lot of action going on down there all at once, but it actually feels great. At first, I was afraid and had no idea how it was going to work or feel. Before I tried it, I couldn't even put a dildo in my pussy and in my ass successfully. DP's actually make me feel empowered. Consequently, blowbangs also make me feel empowered as well. I know that all of those men yearn to shove their cocks in my mouth. I don't care that I'm on my knees, and that all of these cocks are bouncing around by my face. At that moment, I am top bitch! I love it. DP's make me feel the same way. I feel like a big

love fooling around with girls, too, like friendship fucking, but I've never been one of those girls who can be romantically involved with another female. I really lust after men. I always have. Although I like fucking girls, I will always get a feeling deep inside of my pussy that tells me, 'I want to get fucked by a cock!'



boss lady and all of these men want me. I have all of the control. I have the holes they want.

Are you Kristina Rose in your personal life, or is she a fictitious character that you create while performing?

No, I am Kristina Rose all the time. We are one in the same. Kristina Rose is just an amplified version of me. I do have

sexual things that are very personal to me that I would never reveal. They are for me to enjoy in my personal life. How I act, and how I dress is all me. Sometimes I'm ampted up for theatrical reasons, but other than that, I live as Kristina Rose.

Do you have any words for your beloved fans?

I love you all. Thanks for allowing me to live this amazing life. In a million years, I never dreamed that I would have so many fans that would help fill my life with joy. Thanks for following me on Twitter, buying me gifts, writing me beautiful letters, and purchasing my movies. I appreciate all of your support. And also, thank you for allowing me to be a part of your most intimate moments. It's truly an honor being there with you.

To learn more about or contact Kristina Rose, please visit her at twitter.com/KristinaRoseXXX

Would you like to elaborate on your girl-on-girl scenes?

Sure. It is so funny but it seems as though the beginning of each year is when I am booked to do a majority of my girl-on-girl scenes. This is completely coincidental, by the way. January, February and March are totally my lesbian months. I think I'm extra boy crazy at the moment because I've been with so many women. I need cock. I say to myself, 'Okay, I've had enough pussy. It's time to bring on the wiener!'

Where is your favorite spot to be touched?

I really liked to be grabbed hard by my hips or on my ass. I want to literally feel someone put their hands on my body and let me know how much they want me.

Describe the feeling of being DP'ed.

That is a feeling like no other. I've only ever done it two-and-a-half times. I don't really consider the half session to count as an actual











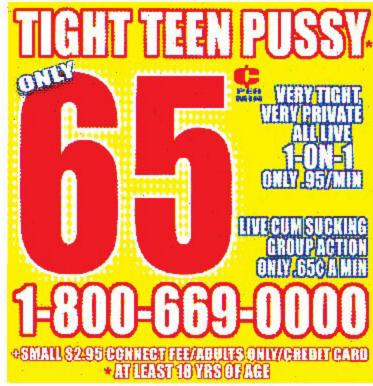
























When Anita spots a peeping Tom, she shows just what this filthy farm girl is made of...

ANITA PEARL









Once she's done plowing the fields, Anita feels a wet spot forming in her tiny Daisy Dukes.

"It must be from fantasizing about a cowboy gangbang to pass the time," she musters, wiping the sweat from her eyes.

Looking ahead, her dirty daydream is about to become a reality

when she catches a farm worker with his hands down his pants, and his eyes glued to the small, moist patch.

Taking off her shirt and revealing her full, dewy tits she mumbles, "Poor guy. He must be working his hands to the bone."

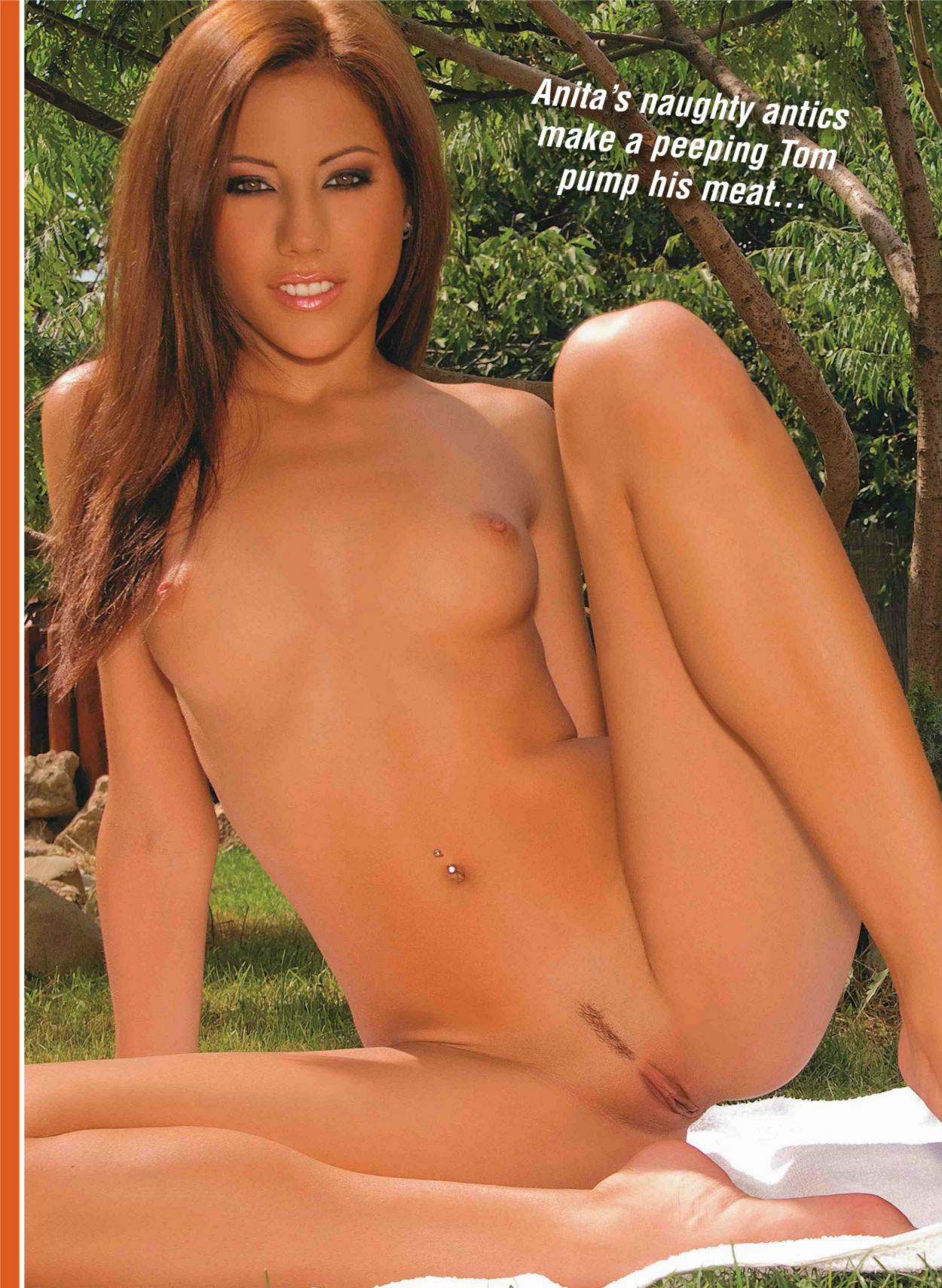
Looking straight at him, she turns around and shows off her glossy cleft, wondering what his cock would feel like plunging into her sweaty snatch against the wooden wheelbarrow.

Seeing his hands move faster, she plows two fingers inside her tight twat while letting her thumb diddle her clittle.

When a faint pleasure moan is heard beyond the field, Anita smiles and says, "I should go over there and see if I can borrow a tool...or two."























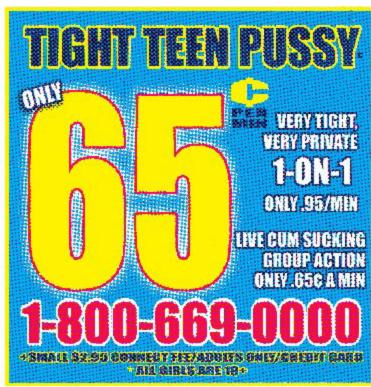


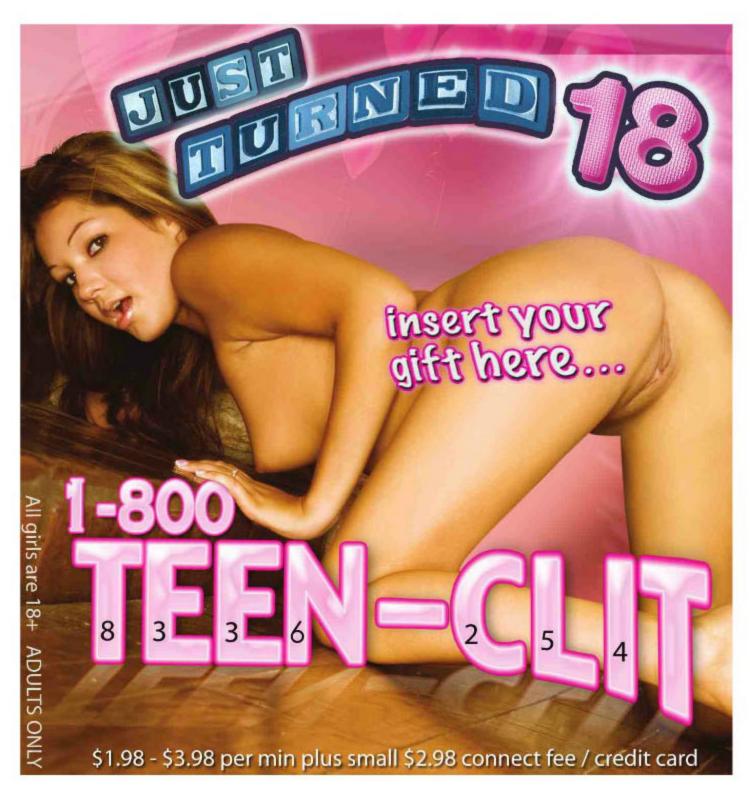




























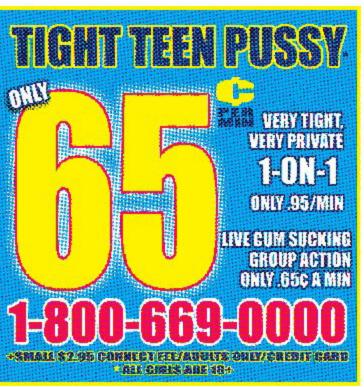




















When these two dancers are off the clock, their sexy moves still shine...

LOLA & EVE











Lola and Eve love it when they work together, mostly because they can suck each other's twats while on their breaks.

Going down to the break room downstairs from the strip club, Lola doesn't waste anytime and pulls her sexy coworker's panties to the side—licking her musky mound with her ferocious tongue.

Short for time, the brunette's beaver begins to cream her friend's hollow throat, drenching the felt on the pool table.

"It's a good thing I brought my props with me," Eve says, inhaling the glittery vibrator in her mouth. "Our time is almost up, and I want you to cream this toy with every last drop."

Tracing Lola's lips with her tongue, Eve plunges the toy in deeper until she feels her tight walls grip the prop slathering it with her girl goo.

Swallowing the shiny toy, Eve laughs, "Well, it looks like we'll have good material to think of when we head back to work."











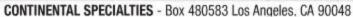




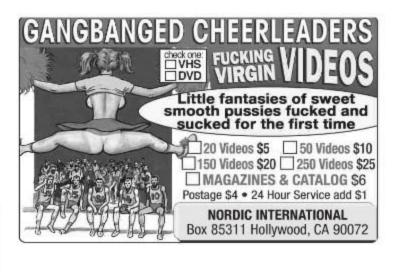
















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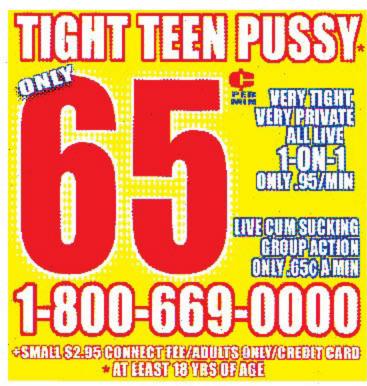






























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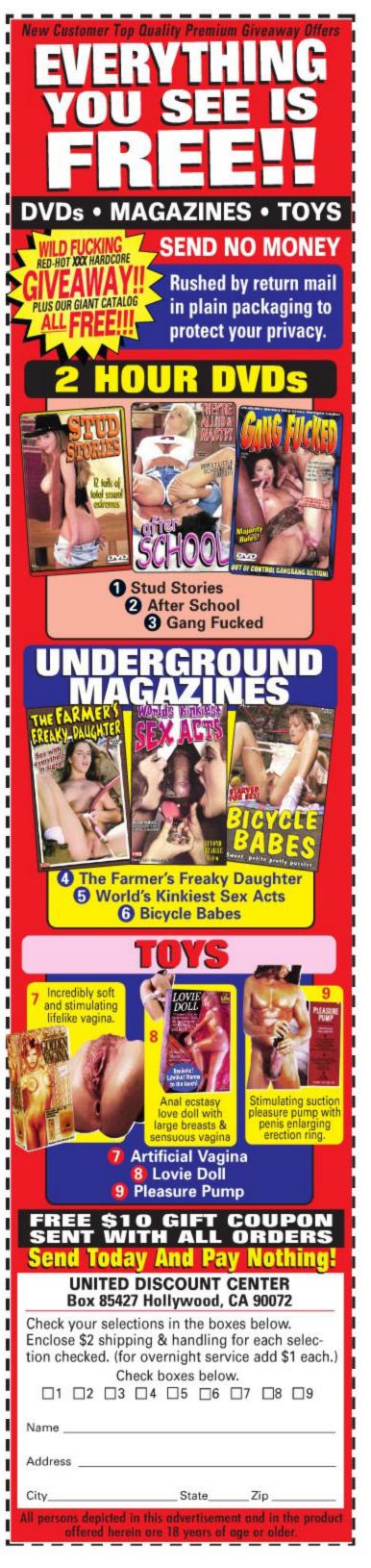




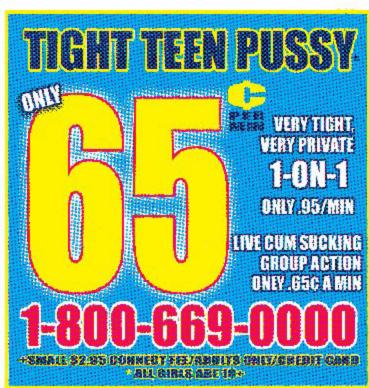
















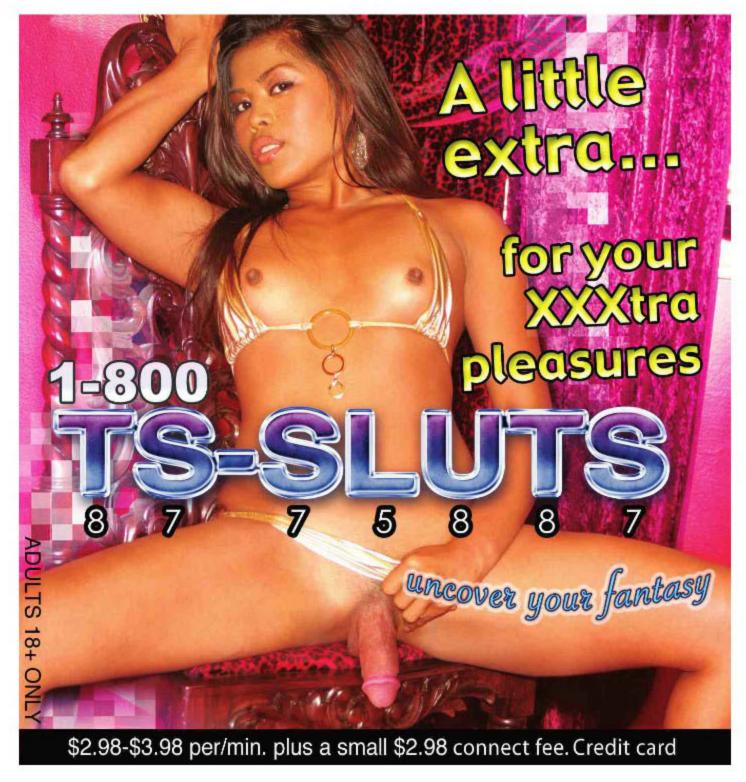


















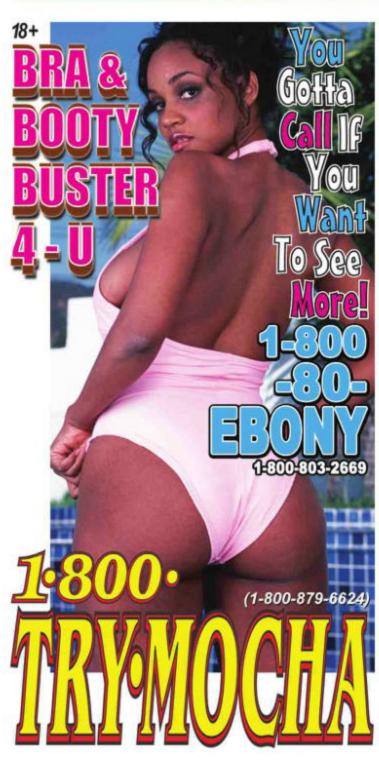






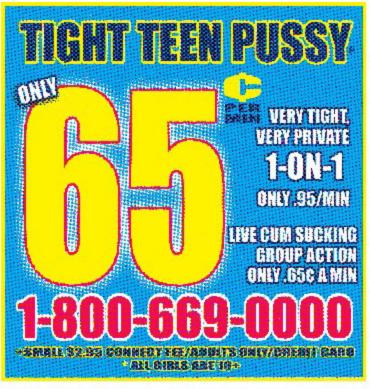






















The smell of fresh flowers gets this horny slut's petals pursing...

CHARLIE LAINE









"It's always hard to walk by flowers and not smell them," Charlie says, bending down to take a whiff of the pink bush. "There's something about the freshness that just gets my own petals blooming."

Stripping down to her powder bra and panties, she starts petting her own pebble—letting it swell with every stroke.

"Oh, fuck, the sun is just helping my clit grow!" She howls, letting her flesh flower inhale her dewy fingers.

With her trusty toy on hand, the bodacious brunette begins licking up the massive mast, as her cunning cooze is thirsty for a plastic plowing. Thrusting the shiny tool up her tight snatch, her petite body quakes against the prickly bushes while she drenches the porch with her homemade cunt concoction.

Allowing the soft breeze to waft against her spent mound she whispers, "I may no have a green thumb, but my blue hand is all I need to get my flower blooming."





















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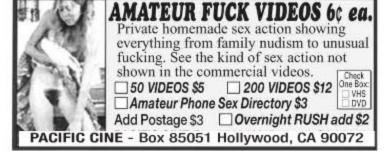
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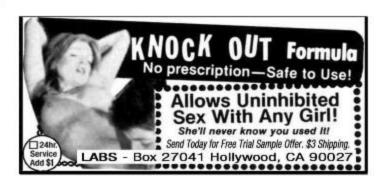
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Never knowing her name, Victor calls his favorite booty call, "Pussy," and this slut certainly lives up to her moniker...

PUSSY & VICTOR





Whenever the door bell rings, Victor's cock twitches knowing how good his trusty booty call, Pussy, is gonna fuck him.

Even though he's never cared to know her name, her warm mouth and hurricane tongue is all he thinks about, and watching her full pout wrap around his thick cock is one thing he'll never forget.

And whenever it's his turn to return the favor, he loves pushing his thick fingers deep inside her quaking pussy, while she moans his name to push deeper.

At last, when his digits are slathered with her cunt cream, he takes control and sits her damp twat down on his hulking hose. Victor's hand on her plush ass while she bounces on his rod, makes his piece twitch every time, and as if he's been fucking her forever, she knows the routine and engulfs his mast—relishing in his salty serum that oozes down her throat.

Once she leaves he closes the door and mumbles, "What's in a name? A golden pussy, that's what!"















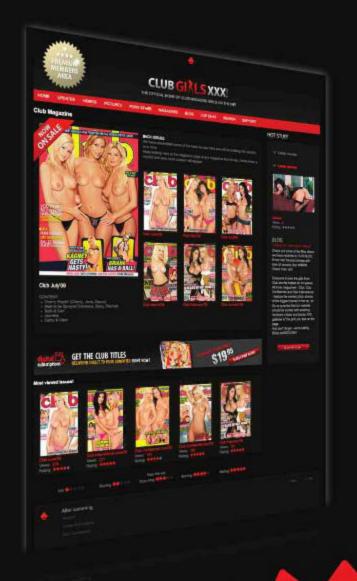




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